

7-25-1891

The Herald, July 25, 1891

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Recommended Citation

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The Herald.

VOL. 12

CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1891

NO. 25

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, JULY, 25 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

J. H. Gowdy was in Troy this week.

Business meeting of the Epworth League to-night.

The Urbana camp-meeting will be held from August 6th to 17th.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Spencer, on Wednesday last, a girl.

Rev. Tufts and family are attending the Cincinnati camp-meeting near Loveland.

Dr. A. K. Strong, will preach at the Methodist church to-morrow morning. Go and hear him.

Miss Rosa Stormont spent a week in Xenia the guest of her sister, Mr. McGeary, returning home last Tuesday.

Mrs. Winans, who is employed at the O. & L. O. Home at Xenia, will be given a two week's vacation, commencing next Monday.

The new survey made last Monday by order of the council locates the line on the Main street bridge, thirty-two inches east of that surveyed by County Surveyor Radell.

Marriage licenses: Frank C. Gearhart and Mildred L. Melvin; Daniel Dudley and Florence McGee; Frank Crouse and Myrtle McDonald; John L. Hunter and Belle Bodine.

The headquarters of the Xenia steam laundry has been removed to Stormont & Co.'s, where the members of that firm will attend to the wants of their customers in that line.

The one-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Tanihill, of near Clifton, died Monday of cholera infantum, and was buried Tuesday. The funeral services were held at the residence, conducted by Rev. Bailey.

Mrs. Anna McGuire, aged 73 years, died at her home in Selma last Saturday, of heart failure. The funeral services were held in the Catholic church at South Charleston Monday morning, after which the body was taken to Morrow for interment.

A man giving his name as Knight, has been travelling over the country organizing the National Loan and Investment Company, of Cincinnati, has proved to be an ex-convict of the Joliet penitentiary. We hear he recently organized companies at New Burlington and Xenia, and was here engaged in the same effort a few weeks since, but met with no success.—[Wilmington Journal.]

Have you noticed the new time card of the Little Miami railroad? Cedarville might as well have no railroad at all so far as the accommodations are concerned. Our citizens have never been able to reach Springfield and return home the same day by rail. And now it is almost as bad so far as Xenia or Dayton is concerned, for they must leave home in the morning and can not return until after night. If the council will enforce the ordinance compelling express trains to run through the corporation no faster than four miles an hour, better accommodations might be secured in the way of a compromise if no other good is accomplished.

Rev. Warnock's vacation commenced this week, and he and his wife have gone to Chataqua to spend a few days.

Dr. J. M. Morton will preach at the Gospel Temperance meeting in the Opera House, Sabbath evening at 4:30. All are invited to attend.

The Sabina fair occurs the first five days of next week. Large numbers will be in attendance. There will be half-fare rates on railroads. Ample entertainment at the grounds for all.

Oscar and Ralph George entertained a number of their young friends at the hospitable home of their parents Wednesday evening. About forty guests were present. An elegant luncheon was served during the evening.

A lad named Frock last Wednesday threw a stone at a Little Miami passenger train which leaves Springfield at 7:30 p. m. It crashed through a window and struck a passenger in the eye. His sight is said to be destroyed.

Commissioner James Pollock met with a severe accident Friday of last week. He was driving a couple of cattle and near Whitlaw Reid's farm, in attempting to turn them his horse broke through a tile ditch, throwing him some distance and rendering him insensible. He lay there about an hour and during a heavy rain when he was discovered by Will Conley, who succeeded in reviving him. Upon examination it was found he had lit on his head producing concussion of the brain, and was slightly injured about the left knee and arm. Mr. Pollock is still suffering from the effects of his fall, but is able to be about.

Rev. Dudley of New Jasper, was greeted by quite a large audience last Sabbath evening. He is quite an impressive speaker, and presented some excellent thoughts on "Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap." He applied this truth especially to individuals and communities. The responsibility of communities for profanity and Sabbath desecration was especially emphasized. In the light of that sermon every open barber shop, meat store, bakery, ice cream parlor, drug store, (except for lawful business), grocery and store in this village should at once be closed upon the Sabbath. In the light of that sermon every individual in this community should be found in the church upon the Sabbath. ONE WHO WAS THERE.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE. W. C. Russell to Elizabeth V. Reddish, 10 lots in Mills 1st add to Yellow Springs, \$615.

Jan. H. Gowdy to Chas. W. Minor, 1/2 acre, Cedarville, \$20.

John Davis to John H. Shadrick, 1/2 acre, Beaver Creek, \$725.

John G. Ernst to John H. Shadrick, quit claim to same, \$1.

Wm. L. Shoemaker et. al. to W. T. Lackey, quit claim to 1 1/2 acres, Xenia, \$300.

Eliza Ford and others to J. T. Lackey, quit claim to same, \$300.

Israel and David Merrick to Marcus Shoup, trustees. Deed of assignment.

Julia Moorman, heir to M. T. Moorman, to James Ferguson, lot 52, Boop's add. to Jamertown, \$750.

Stray Hog.

A stray hog at Harry Johnson's. Owner can have same by proving property and paying damages. HARRY JOHNSON.

Go to Boyd's restaurant for a good meal, only 25 cents.

Syrup and Molasses at GRAY'S. Our Stock of Patent Medicines is complete at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Heinz pickles, chow chow, celery, ginkins, cauliflower at McCorkle's.

Sweet, spiced and sour pickles at GRAY'S.

Harvesting Oils at Ridgway's

Cheese, Crackers and Ginger snaps at GRAY'S.

Mower Oils at Ridgway's.

Elegant Toilet Soaps at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Buy your fresh and salt meats at the old reliable meat store of C. W. Crouse.

Butter, Jersey, Milk Crackers at GRAY'S.

Spring repair work at Murray's harness shop.

Sorghum, Syrup and New Orleans Molasses at GRAY'S.

A fine line of pocket and table cutlery at Crouse & Bull's.

Smoke the Jintown Dandy at Bull's.

If you want a good lunch or a square meal go to Boyd's and try him once.

The best place in town to buy meat of all kinds is at C. W. Crouse's. Try him.

Machine Oils at Ridgway's.

Tobacco and Cigars at GRAY'S.

Gasoline stoves, all patterns, qualities and prices at Crouse & Bull's.

The finest line of fresh and salt meats in the county at C. W. Dean's.

Screen Doors at A. Jackson's.

A Card.

Councilmen and voters of Cedarville. My rent from my corner buildings last winter was \$15 entire. This is special prohibition to me—starvation. Pray over this if you dare to. Margaret A. D. Townsley

Do you want a parlor suite? No difference what grade you desire you can get it of Barr & Morton.

The bedroom suites at Barr & Morton's are elegant. Call and see them.

Chairs in all sizes, styles, shapes and prices, to suit children or grown persons. Also easy chairs for the old at Barr & Morton's.

Her Sale.

A cottage house and two lots situated in Millers edition. An excellent well of water and fruit trees of different kinds.

Wesley Hutson.

Just received, twenty-five dozen working shirts at 35 and 40 cents: former price 50 cents. Also the largest stock of pants ever kept in town.

J. E. Lowmy.

Let the people rejoice. The dates of the Greene County Fair are August 11, 12, 13 and 14, 1891. A first-class exhibition is assured. Entries are coming in fast. The best of racing of famous fast horses every afternoon. Splendid music will be provided to enliven and add pleasure to the occasion. The Directors of the Greene County Fair have spared no pains or expense to furnish amusements and make the coming fair a grand success. The aim is to have a vast exhibition and a big crowd.

Dried Beef at Bull's

Go to Charlie Smith for a shave.

Do you want ice for your refrigerator or for any other purpose? If so call on B. G. Ridgway and he will supply you at a low price.

Teeth extracted without pain by application of cocaine at Dr. Homan's office.

Avena, Oatmeal

Cracked wheat

Granulated Hominy

Farino, Parched Farinose at GRAY'S.

Dried Beef at McCorkle's.

Pure Pine tar at Ridgway's.

Paint and Varnish Brushes at Ridgway's.

Window glass and Putty at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

New Perfumes at Ridgway's.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.

Picture Frames made to order at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Wood and Willow ware at GRAY'S.

Halters, collars and all kinds of harness sundries at James Murray's.

Peaches, Apricots and Prunes at GRAY'S.

Screen doors, all sizes and kinds at Crouse & Bull's.

Smith's the place for a seafoam.

ICE at Ridgway's.

Fly Paper at McCorkle's.

New Potatoes at McCorkle's.

Cabbage at McCorkle's.

Dried Beef at Bull's

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Cabbage at McCorkle's.

NOTICE.

Will the parties having sacks belonging to Ervin & Sterrett, please return them at once as we need them.

ERVIN & STERRETT.

Rolls Avena and Wheat, Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat, Farino and Parched Farinose, Pearl Barley, Granulated Hominy at GRAY'S.

FOR SALE.

The Iliff homestead near M. E. church, Cedarville. For particulars call on Wm. Iliff administrator of estate.

Go to Wolford's for the genuine Brown cultivators.

Highest market price paid for wheat at ANDREW & BRO.

Palm leaf mattress, the best made, at Barr & Morton's.

Get your buggy painted at Wolford's.

If you want a stylish livery rig go to Boyd's.

Fish at GRAY'S.

Paints in all size packages and colors at Ridgway's.

Corn, Tomatoes, Beans, etc., at GRAY'S.

NEW THROUGH SLEEPER.

Chicago to Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Travelers en route to the Northwest are informed that the GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE began running, June 14, a Thorough Buffet Pullman Sleeper, Chicago to Sioux Falls, south Dakota.

This car leaves Chicago daily, except Saturday, on the O., R. I. & P. No. 1, at 1.30, noon; returning, arrives at Chicago daily, except Monday, at 8.05 a. m.

Map, Folders, and further information sent on application.

E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Manager.

J.W. SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass Agt.

GENERAL OFFICE, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Finish.

We will sell the finishing of our white goods Department at a great bargain and to make it the greatest white goods bargain ever offered in our city we have put it into two lots. Lot No. 1 will be 5 cents a yard and will contain all the goods we sold at 7 1/2 8 1/2 and 10 cents, and many of the number were leaders at the original prices. Lot No. 2 we will sell at 10 cents and into this assortment will go the goods that was sold at 12 1/2, 15, 16 1/2, and some 20 cent goods. This lot will contain some very handsome novelties and are decided bargains at the special prices. In ladies' and children's hem-stitched flouncings we make special offers. One is a full width flounce at 25 cents embroidered at that, and worth almost twice the price, also a new lot just received bought at almost half price. To make a July bargain sale we are selling them at 50 cents a yard and earlier in the season we could sell no better than \$1 for the same grade. Also some special values in black plaid and striped lawns at marked down prices.

JOBE BROS & Co, Xenia.

THE MUCH-DESIRED LONG WAIST AND PERFECT HIP EFFECT can only be produced successfully by wearing

THE DUPLEX

Corset

ADJUSTABLE OVER THE HIP AND WILL FIT ANY FORM

Indicating, giving Perfect Ease and Comfort

They have Double Seams, which will not rip; Double Stitches and Bones, which will not break.

Made in three lengths. Join and fasten. Any dry goods dealer in the U. S. can supply you. Cheaper than Wamsley. Send for Catalogue.

GORTREE MFG. CO., Jackson, Mich.

BANK OF CEDARVILLE

General Banking

Business Transacted.

Geo. W. Harper, Pres.

W. L. Clemens, Cashier.

Individual assets principally invested in Real Estate \$300,000.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis.

was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at B. G. Ridgway's Drugstore.

The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.
CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

A Realm of Pure Delight Above the Common World.

The ideal life is the proper life of an intellectual being, although of course as yet only comparatively few are either disposed or able to lead such a life. Later along, the pure pleasure of high thinking, of knowledge for its own sake, will undoubtedly be participated in by the multitude at large. The passion of the miser for his gold, is as water to wine when matched with the passion for truth which the earnest student and thinker feels. Such persons will forego wealth and political and social distinction for the sake of leading a life of reflective thought. It is impossible to exaggerate the fascination of ideas over their devotees. Ideas are now broadcast and sown, as it were, upon the winds. The means of popularizing and disseminating them are becoming more and more effective, so that unfurnished brains are becoming rarer and rarer. Indeed, hardly a human head in the midst of such a continual snowfall, as it were, of ideas, can avoid becoming the nidus of one or more of the winged spiritual seeds of thought with which the moral atmosphere is filled. Reflective persons are indeed getting to be numerous. All the current ideas which are now so rapidly disintegrating this old social, political, and ecclesiastical order of things, and transfiguring society in the light of truth only three or four generations ago were latent in a few large minds. The sources of all the great rivers which fructify and beautify the lowlands for thousands of miles along the currents, before they enter the great oceanic reservoir of all inland waters, are to be sought in cloudy uplands, remote forest-girdled lakes and hidden springs. So it is with ideas. They have their origin in definite form, in the lofty souls that dwell aloof and apart in a seclusion of intense meditation. Such souls are seldom fully known or appreciated by their immediate contemporaries. But the great revolutionary truths and ideas to which they give birth gradually descend like mountain rivulets and streams, from their original elevation and seclusion to the plain of ordinary life. A single great revolutionary thinker, like Kant for instance, requires a host of popularizers and interpreters of his thought to follow in his wake, and retail his ideas in a diluted form to the multitude. The business of the ablest writers and lecturers of to-day is the interpreting to the masses the thoughts of a few original thinkers, who have kindled in their disciples and followers an irrepressible, intellectual fire and enthusiasm. A century ago or more, Kant demonstrated that the pure reason of every sane enlightened person is the native seat and highest tribunal of truth and right, and as such superior to all instituted authority, however venerable. Here was an affirmation of the dignity, and sanctity even, of human nature in every man and woman, of its superiority to all institutions of whatever standing, which has transformed and is transforming under our eyes society over the whole area of civilization. He who makes ideas the pursuit of his life may not acquire wealth or political distinction of any sort, but he is certainly fitting himself for the high destiny which awaits him. Carlyle, in his latter days, was a little pensive over the fact of the multitudinousness of writers and thinkers in these times, and in one of the reported conversations he contemptuously styled them "literary cannibals," as if they were inconveniently numerous and so diminished the conspicuousness of such exceptional geniuses as himself. Such a jealousy was unworthy of the great iconoclast, and was probably the offspring of the fretfulness of age. The sphere of ideas is no royalty or imperialism, but a democratic domain, free and open to all. —Saturday Evening Herald.

Fancy Woollens.

Costumes of fancy woollens with very light grounds, cream, ecru, dove-gray, mastic, etc., interwoven with rough lines or figurings, the unified mixtures of color and white, in checks, stripes, and blurred, detached patterns, are made up in most fanciful styles. Some have bodies cut on the cross and shaped to the figure without darts, some with corselets, the high under-bodice covered with cream-colored guipure lace, some with passementerie jacket fronts, the long square basques reaching further back than the side seams of the bodice, and losing themselves among the folds of the skirt behind; some, also, with sleeveless overjackets to match the color of the bright design, and some with full plaistons of surah in rose, yellow, maize, or violet. When the bodice is trimmed with lace, there is often a broad band of the same on the bottom of the front breadth of the skirt, the lace used being in all cases a good imitation of old mellow Venetian point. —N. Y. Post.

"They say it costs \$17.50 a week to feed an elephant, Mrs. Irons," said the boarder at the foot of the table, reaching for another biscuit. "How would you like to board one at regular rates?" "An elephant, Mr. McGinnis," replied the landlady coldly, "wouldn't be throwing hints all the time that he was getting tired of prunes."

THE BATTLE FIELD.

INSIDE WAR HISTORY.

The Story of a Blockade Runner and Several Missing Millions.

In December, 1864, a very swift and light blockade runner was captured off Wilmington, N. C. It had been built for the purpose of running drugs and medicines in to the confederacy, and had made a great many successful trips, when by a concatenation of circumstances and accidents one foggy morning in December she found herself a long way outside of her intended course, and within three hundred yards of the United States cruisers, who immediately captured her without a struggle or any injury to the beautiful prize. One of the officers who was present at her capture declared that he had never seen in any ship such a combination of grace and swiftness. She was condemned and sold in New York on or about the 10th day of February, 1865. Four men became her owners, three of whom are dead and one is living. They had her machinery very carefully overhauled, everything put in thoroughly good condition, and selected a captain who was known to them all as not only a thorough seaman but a man who could and would keep a still tongue. He was directed to coal up, proceed to Halifax, and there await orders. When he received a dispatch he said it meant that he was to start for Liverpool and go as fast as steam and wind could take him, and it was estimated that he would make the run in about three and a quarter days. He was given sealed orders, and told that he would be instructed by telegraph when to open them. He sailed for Halifax February 18, 1865.

The confederacy was then in its death throes. Hood's army had been driven out of Tennessee with great loss of life. Its destitution was something no man can understand who did not see it. Men were absolutely starving and dying for want of food and clothing. Generals of brigades were half clad and wearing boots and shoes taken from dead Union soldiers' feet. How they lived, who did live through it all, is only known to God and them. It was a time when those who participated in it can never forget. Their comrades' faces were gaunt and haggard with privations and famine, and men had in their eyes the look of those whom hunger has nearly made mad. The few horses that were left were like skeletons. Yet how these men fought Franklin and Duck River will bear witness. There was no word of surrender amid all this starvation and death. They preferred to fight, for in the tents of their enemies they found food and clothing, warmth and the breath of life, and they attacked where they could with the courage of trained soldiers, and the fearlessness of men almost mad. Never was there seen on North American soil such splendid contempt for death. Lee's army was in almost as destitute a condition, and any day might see the end of the confederacy. Time went on, February passed away, then March, and the waiting captain got no word. He kept his fires banked and his men on board as he had been told. April came, and at 4:30 on the 9th Capt. Blatch received a telegram containing these words: "Go and execute the orders given you in the sealed writing. Open them one day before you arrive in Liverpool." This was all. At 7 p. m. he steamed out of Halifax harbor, and in three days and twelve hours he was dropping anchor in the Mersey off Liverpool. When he arrived at Fastnet Light, the first light seen on the Irish coast, he opened his orders. They simply directed him to deliver two packages of papers inclosed to the addresses on them as soon as he landed, at day or night, and then to report to a well-known firm of ship brokers for further orders, meanwhile to talk with nobody. He obeyed them strictly.

The end of the confederacy had come. Two great London and Liverpool houses sold confederate bonds short till they had out over thirty million dollars of shorts. At that time there were in Liverpool, London and Manchester nine thousand bales of cotton belonging to the confederate government. A week after the arrival of this swift ship the mail steamers brought the news of the surrender of Lee's and Johnston's armies, the final collapse of the confederate states government, and the flight of Mr. Davis and his cabinet. Confederate bonds fell from thirty-five to forty cents to nothing. The American minister in London, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, immediately directed the United States consuls at Liverpool, Manchester and in London to seize all the confederate cotton in those cities and hold it till further orders. But when these officials attempted to execute these orders not a bale could be found. Three million six hundred thousand dollars' worth of cotton had disappeared, and from that hour to this the United States government has never been able to find a dollar's worth of it. Four persons who owned a swift ship that sailed from Halifax the evening of April 9, 1865, could tell where it went to if they were disposed to do so, and were all alive. But all four who planned this mighty coup are dead but one, who is an old man now in a northern city and rich. Among the four were two men who were noted in those days for their wealth and devotion to the union, and two southern men. One of them held a high confidential position at the confederate capital and the other was a prominent confidential European agent of the confederate govern-

ment. They made on the short sale of bonds not less than twelve million dollars, and on the cotton about three million six hundred thousand more. In other words, the four "landed" about four million dollars apiece, less the expense, which was not over twenty thousand dollars each for the four. Such is one of the curious inside incidents of the great war. —Washington Post.

A LETTER WRITING ARMY.

How the Soldier Boys Remembered the Folks at Home.

It is not an easy thing to go into an encampment and not find men busy, hard at work, and you would always see a number of them writing. There never was such a letter-writing army on the face of God's earth. You never could go into camp without finding the men writing letters, on the ground, against the side of trees, from which they had torn the bark, on their knees; and never did we women at home in preparing for the sanitary commission fix up comfort bags, in which we did not put sheets of paper, postage stamps, envelopes and the inevitable plug of tobacco.

I remember very distinctly when the army came back from the relief of Burnside at Knoxville. Never was there such a tattered demoralized looking set of men in the world. They started out in summer blouses; they came back with their feet bound up in rags, so that as they walked they looked like the most veritable scarecrows that you ever saw in a cornfield. One came out of the hospital more ragged than the others, more thoroughly demoralized in his personal appearance. One of the physicians said to him: "Well, my boy, if you don't need clothes I don't know who does." And the happy fellow, looking at him said: "Well, now, I ain't a hanker for clothes, you bet your life, but I am just dead clean heartbroken for a diamond breast-pin."

The army wasn't a good place to go to talk the blues. It wasn't a very good thing to undertake to indulge in morbid sentiments. You were taken off your feet in no time; you were compelled to know that these men had a high sense of humor about them. Said one fellow, coming out one morning when the reveille was sounded altogether too early for his comfort: "When this cruel war is over and I get home in my own house I am going to hire a fellow to come and sound reveille every morning under my window, simply that I may have the pleasure of opening the window and throwing the contents of the washbowl on him."

They did not even die gloomily. Again and again I have heard men say: "Chaplain, the doctor is mistaken about my case. I am going to die, and not live," and turn their faces to the wall and die. And when one man was not so very sick, but who thought he was, and was becoming a hypochondriac and giving vent to his anguish, which was purely imaginary, while talking with him I saw two-thirds of the men in the beds about slip themselves into clothes that would make them a little more respectable, and march about the room. One of them pretending to play the banjo, another the violin, another the flute, another the clarinet, another the double bass drum. There was not an instrument there, and it was all done in pantomime, but the mimicry was so perfect, and they went through the movements of playing the various instruments so well that they stopped the gloomy outpourings of the hypochondriacs, who were compelled to join in the laugh.

When I was in Switzerland I was one day standing at the door of a railway station, and at the opposite side of the station I saw a railway porter wearing an artificial leg. As I looked at him carefully I thought he was wearing the badge of the grand army. I stepped back to tell my husband about it.

"Oh," said my husband, "of course you know it can't be the badge of the grand army. It is probably some foreign decoration."

But the man crossed over toward me, and I saw it was a badge of the grand army. I immediately forgot all conventionalities and hurried to him, and in the very best French I could muster I asked him how it came about that he, a Swiss railway porter, was wearing the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic of America?

He said, speaking perfect English: "Madam, I enlisted in the service in your country in June, 1861, and I was mustered out in October, 1865." [Applause.]

"Where did you lose your leg?" "At Gettysburg, and I still remained in the service, as I wanted to see the end. So I got myself put into the invalid corps, that I might do duty in the hospital, and I was not mustered out until October, 1865."

"Then," said I, "if you have lost your leg at the battle of Gettysburg and fought under my country's flag for four years, you are my brother, and I must shake hands with you."

"Said he: 'Madame, your America and my America is a good nation to live for, to fight for, to die for. By and by, when the old father and mother pass away, I am going back to my America. My brothers are there with their families. I have no family, and I am here to take care of the old father and mother. I receive a pension from the United States government. I am one of its people, a naturalized citizen, one of you not by birth but by adoption, and I am going back some time. Believe me, America is to be the Messiah of nations. Before God, I had thought that myself, but I had never dared say it.' —Mrs. M. A. Livermore.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

BOTH SIDES.

Some of the Objections Raised to College Training for Girls.

The world seems of late touched with the mania of gathering information by means of questions on all manner of topics addressed to all manner of people. As a way of reaching average opinion the postal-examination system has merits, though so many addressed have no opinions, or no time to write them, that it is, after all, only a minority report which is thus made up.

But a recent trial of it has proved interesting as showing the average objections to college training for girls. To the sweet girl graduate of high, normal and private schools in a large eastern city four questions were addressed. They were asked if they would like to go to college, if they meant to go, and if not, why not; and finally what objections they had heard urged against such training. Seventy-seven answers, and of these, sixteen had no desire to go, sixteen meant to go, and the rest would like to, but could not—chiefly for lack of money. A few were unwilling to postpone so long their entrance into society; and one, a normal graduate, was of opinion that though she might know more after four years at college, she would be no better fitted to teach.

But if it is the answers to the last question which are most instructive, as showing the prejudices still ruling the average mind. The chief objections urged are: "College training is unnecessary; women need to learn only household duties. They soon forget all they learn, have no use for it in after life, do not remain single long enough to profit by it. It is useful only to those who have to support themselves or who enter a profession. It makes women masculine, causes loss of pretty, lady-like ways; makes them strong-minded, vain, independent, disagreeable, dissatisfied with home life, injures the health, unfits them to be economical wives, destroys the maternal instinct, and hinders them from marrying."

Now it may be useful to note how entirely the social fallacy underlies most of these objections. Substitute "men" for "women" in them and more than half of them become absurd. But is education one thing for men and another for women? Precisely, answers society. A man's education is for his individual profit in knowledge and character, society gaining in turn from his gains. A woman's training is for the good of the home; she can not be considered apart from her special mission as mother and home-maker. In that case, our homes are still, in the main, "dolls' houses." There are, of course, numbers of people who think a college training a mistake; who oppose it equally for boys and girls, urging, with slight variations, these same objections. This is at least consistency if it is not good sense. But the people who believe in it for the average boy, should show cause why the average girl may not equally profit by it: why only the exceptional girl who means to teach or take a profession should be given it. The question indeed, resolves itself into this: Has a woman a right to life on her own account? If so, then the good of society will give to her, as to her brother, the broadest development, and trust to profit indirectly by her culture as it does by his: no more, no less.

A late writer in a magazine, like these objectors, lays the blame of declining marriage on college training and the "selfish ambitions" it fosters. And, always with the good of society in view, he recommends, as a cure, earlier marriages. Let the girl be trained in household arts so that the youth can afford to marry, and then let her be given home and children to absorb her energies and the "selfish ambitions," which it is so wrong for her to cherish, will wither. But it is precisely the best mothers of to-day, the most intelligent and conscientious, who mourn over their intellectual deficiencies, their imperfect, old-time training, because they feel these deficiencies with their children. They form classes and literary clubs, because—"I want to know something for my boy's sake—my girls." If the younger women want knowledge for their own sakes, it is, perhaps, because this reason has not yet come into their lives.

Let us be rid of the idea that a college training is only for teachers. The boy goes, not because he is to be teacher or lawyer, but because it is the best education of a gentleman. Until his sister goes for like reason, because it is the best culture of a lady, we are still in the backwoods. Let us be rid, too, of the fancy that the higher education is, in some vague way, inimical to marriage and the common lot. If there is comfort in statistics, they show that college-bred women marry like their sisters, only a little later. Statistics long since disproved the "injury to health" objection. As for the moralists who cry that women's extravagance and love of dress hinder marriage, they must surely see that a society life fosters these passions, while an intellectual one such as college training should develop, controls them by substituting nobler ambitions.

Meantime college women are warned by these objections not to be vain, disagreeable, independent or "anxious to occupy positions more suited to men." There is, indeed, a certain vagueness about this last, and we all know vain and disagreeable women who are not college-bred. But behind the criticism is a truth. It is part of the mission of

college-trained women to-day, to recommend that education to the average mother. If we are open to criticism because of deficient social grace and tact, the cause will suffer, for, as Howells tells us: "It is certain that our manners and customs count for more in life than our qualities." —Emily F. Wheeler, in Chautauquan.

THE IMPROVED WOMAN.

Her Physical Condition Has in the Past Few Years Improved Wonderfully.

It may be ungallant to suppose that there is, or has been, any room for improvement in woman, but it is undoubtedly true that in the last ten years there has been a marked bettering of the physical condition of American women. Whether it is the result of gymnastics or the traveling of many of our girls in foreign lands, where they have had an opportunity of admiring the superior physical qualities of English and German women, or the general discussion of the subject, I do not know. Perhaps the fact that so many of those females who prided themselves on their bewitching languors and fashionable invalidism having been passed by when our young men came to make selection of lifetime partners, may have helped to cure the folly. It has been found that doll-babies are of but little worth in the struggle of life, and capacity on the part of a woman to sweep out a drawing-room without fainting, and to make a loaf of bread not sour nor soggy, is of more importance than the satin in the cheek, which the fingers of diphtheria may unravel, or the color of the hair which one strong grip of fever may pull out. There is cause for congratulation in the fact that woman's physical condition is rising, but there is room yet for higher stages of progress. A race of weak women will make a race of puny men. I am not ambitious for Amazons, but for out-and-out Christian women, who enjoy what rights they have and support great souls in strong bodies. —Ladies' Home Journal.

Has a Paying Farm.

Mrs. Daniels and her daughter, two Georgia ladies living not far from Mill-edgeville, are said to have made remarkable success as farmers. Three years ago they were almost destitute. A gentleman offered them the use of several acres of land at a fairly easy rent, to be paid at the year's end. He trusted to their honesty for the payment, as they had no security to offer. The two women set to work with energy. The mother took charge of the house and the daughter of the farm. "Miss Daniel took an ax and went into the woods and made a plow-stem from a sassafras tree, broke a little bull that was thrown in with the land, and planted and raised the best ten acres of cotton and corn that were raised in Baldwin county." They paid their rent promptly the first year. Last year they paid for the land, and had money over; and the prospect is they will grow rich. —Woman's Journal.

Women Law Graduates.

The woman's law class connected with but not actually belonging to the university of the city of New York recently held its graduation exercises when fourteen women received certificates. The subjects of some of the essays were: "Why I Study Law," with valedictory addresses by Mrs. Theodore Sutro; "The Origin of Our Law," by Miss Stanlietta Titus and "The Consideration in Contracts," by Mrs. Hood. Doctor Emily Kempin, the lecturer of the class, was presented with a handsome gold bracelet in which was set a tiny watch. The graduates profess that they do not as a rule intend to practice law but only to understand how and why the laws of our country are made and administered.

PROGRESSIVE WOMEN.

DR. SARAH STOCKTON, of Indianapolis, has been appointed physician at the Indiana state reformatory for girls and prison for women.

MRS. GEORGIA KENDRICK, wife of the late Rev. Dr. Kendrick, has been elected to the lady principalship of Vassar college and has accepted.

MISS MARY K. MONTGOMERY, who has just taken the highest honors at the University of London, is twenty-two, and the daughter of a Unitarian clergyman.

HARRIET HOSMER has one of the most wonderful inventions of the century, that of producing marble from limestone, closely resembling that of the finest antique quarries.

THREE young Englishwomen, the Misses Shenat, Selby and Johns, were awarded the degrees of M. A. with honor, at the recent commencement of the University of London. They distanced all their male competitors for the degrees.

Mrs. FLOWER, who has been honored by an election to the Chicago school board, is a Brooklyn woman, and a sister to Dr. Elliot Coues, the theosophist. She was educated at the Packer Institute in Brooklyn, and taught for several years in the schools of Madison, Wis.

MISS HARRIET HOSMER writes from Rome that the model for her statue of Queen Isabelle for the Woman's Pavilion at the World's fair is completed. The queen is represented in the act of stepping down from her throne and offering her jewels to Columbus. Miss Hosmer expects to leave Rome soon, and make a short stay in England, returning to America early in the autumn.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

TURN YOUR GLASS DOWN.

If urged to lift the glass that tempts,
In city grand or bumble town,
Be that tempts the king or czar,
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If those that ask you "ex and tease,
Perhaps condemn you with a frown,
Be firm, mind not the laugh and sneer!
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If health you crave and strength of arm,
Would keep your hardy hue of brown,
Nor have the scarlet flush of sin,
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

If in your trouble others say:
"In sea of drink your sorrow drown,"
Look out, lest drowned the drinker be!
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

Cold water, boys, hurrah, hurrah,
Will help to health, wealth and renown,
If urged to give these treasures up,
Quick, turn your glass and set it down!

—Rev. Edward A. Rand, in "National Temperance Advocate."

THE LIQUORS OF FRANCE.

How They Are Now Made from Barley and Various Chemicals.

The English consul resident at Nantes, France, has sent to his government a report of the wine manufacture and trade in his own and several other districts, which will be read with interest wherever French wines and brandy are drunk or supposed to be drunk.

As to cognac, with a toothful of which the gourmet loves to round off and compose a generous dinner, Consul Paucetote reminds Englishmen that it cannot be procured for less than one pound sterling (five dollars) per bottle, and that "anything sold at a smaller figure is not an agricultural, but an industrial product" into whose composition if real cognac enters at all it enters only "as a perfume, to the extent that eau-de-cologne is put on a handkerchief."

In reference to wines also, both white and red, the account which he has to transmit is not a whit more encouraging. In the case of wine used for drinking, he says, the art of making it from materials other than grapes has advanced to quite a high degree of perfection. Red wine is made of white wine by the addition of a little coloring and a little coloring matter, while white wine is made of barley.

This bogus or imitation wine manufacture is due in a large measure, it is peculiar to say, to one of Pasteur's celebrated discoveries. In the course of that renowned scientist's experiments in fermentation, he unearthed the fact, not known before, that the bouquet of a fermented liquor is due not to the material of which it is made, but to the yeast that is used in its fermentation. He showed by actual experiment that wine could be made of barley; and that if the yeast used for fermenting purposes were the yeast of a particular grape, Chablis or Yquem, for example, the wine would be Chablis or Yquem without a suspicion of barley flavor.

The discovery of Pasteur, Consul Paucetote tells us, has been worked for commercial purposes with singular success, particularly by one M. George Jacquemin. This enterprising vinous artist, it seems, has surpassed not only all previous artists in this line, in the beauty and variety of his vinous inventions, but he has even gone a point beyond that at which Pasteur himself arrived in the discovery referred to above. For, Pasteur, while he manufactured wine from barley, always used the actual yeast for beer obtained from real grapes of that particular vintage which he sought to produce, nor indeed did he ever give a hint that such a modest tribute to genuineness could under any circumstances be dispensed with. But the enterprising M. Jacquemin "went one better" than the scientist; the scientist required genuine grape yeast for fermentation to produce the desired wine; M. Jacquemin dispenses also with real yeast. He has invented and uses an artificial yeast, made from chemicals only, wherewith he imitates the flavors of all the finest vintages to such perfection as to defy detection even from the connoisseur.

And, finally, this successful vintner has carried his discoveries to the point of finding out that, if the wines which he has so manufactured be distilled, the product will be a brandy of excellent quality, with all the flavor of the particular grape ferment used in the manufacture of the wine.

These facts which wine bibbers and brandy toppers will no doubt ruminate upon with mixed feelings. They will console themselves to some extent probably with the reflection that there is nothing more deleterious than a little dum in the fabricated wines which they have been drinking, believing them to be pure and genuine; while they will no doubt deplore the tendency to sham that there is in everything made nowadays, and join with the ecclesiastical of old in lamenting that, while the Creator made them upright, "they have sought out many inventions." But a knowledge of the fact that most of the brands of cheap French wines now on the market are innocent of any connection with the genuine grape, coupled with the further fact that there was more "champagne" said to be consumed in the United States of America in the year of grace 1890 than was grown in all the vineyards of Champagne, ought to furnish material for serious reflection to wine and brandy drinkers, here and elsewhere.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

SCREENING TEMPERANCE Wines reports that 17,815 pupils in the schools of Baltimore are receiving temperance instruction.

LINCOLN ON TEMPERANCE.

Glowing Words Uttered by the Martyred President.

Whether or not the world would be vastly benefited by a total and final banishment from it of all intoxicating drinks, seems to me not now an open question. Three-fourths of mankind confess the affirmative with their tongues; and I believe all the rest acknowledge it in their hearts. Ought any, then, to refuse their aid in doing what the good of the whole demands?

Of our political revolution of 1776 we are all justly proud. It has given us a degree of political freedom far exceeding that of any other nations of the earth. In it the world has found a solution of the long-mooted problem, as to the capability of man to govern himself. In it was the germ which has vegetated, and still is to grow and expand into the universal liberty of mankind.

But, with all these glorious results, past, present, and to come, it had its evils too. It breathed forth famine, swam in blood, and rode in fire; and long, long after, the orphans' cry and the widows' wail continued to break the sad silence that ensued. These were the price, the inevitable price, paid for the blessings it brought.

Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a viler slavery maimed, a greater tyrant deposed. In it, more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged. By it, no orphans starving, no widows weeping. By it, none wounded in feeling, none injured in interest; even the drunkard and dram-seller will have glided into other occupations so gradually as never to have felt the change, and will stand ready to join all others in the universal song of gladness. And what a noble ally this, to the cause of political freedom; with such an aid, its march cannot fail to be on and on, till every son of earth shall drink in rich fruition the sorrow-quenching draughts of perfect liberty. Happy day, when all appetites controlled, all passions subdued, all matter subjugated, mind, all-conquering mind, shall live and move, the monarch of the world!

And when the victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land, which may truly claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both those revolutions that shall have ended in that victory. How nobly distinguished that people, who shall have planted, and nurtured to maturity, both the political and moral freedom of their species.—Abraham Lincoln in 1842.

GLEANNED HERE AND THERE.

You can never lift a mortgage by pulling at a bottle.—Elmira Gazette.

I CAN tell you how to stop pauperism in this country in four words: "Stop the drink traffic." Liquor is responsible for eight-ninths of the pauperism of America.—Rev. O. C. Brown.

The commissioners of police in Topeka, Kan., testify that there has not been in 1890, in that city, a place that even the most radical anti-prohibitionist could call a saloon or tippling house.

The old superstition that grog is a good thing for men before, during and after march has been proved by the scientific men of all nations to be a fallacy, and is only still maintained by men who mistake the craving arising solely from habit for the promptings of nature.

Since the establishment of the women's free kitchens the number of drunkards is said to have greatly diminished. The medical profession testify to enormous improvements in the health of the lower classes. Derangements of the stomach, formerly the most frequent cases in Vienna hospitals, have decreased one-third of the number of ten years ago.

It is encouraging to note that recently at Lathrop, Mo., several druggists have been indicted and fined for selling the tincture of Jamaica ginger without a prescription. One of the number, who stoutly maintained his right to sell the tincture of ginger or any other tincture "of recognized medical utility," was overruled by the court and fined forty dollars for selling intoxicating liquor.—National Temperance Advocate.

It is said that the liquor traffic has done more to demoralize the Alaskan Indians than all other causes. The government has issued orders to the revenue cutter "Bear" to seize all liquors on board whalers in Alaskan waters except a small supply for medicinal purposes. This is highly commendable. It is a great pity to demoralize the barbarous tribes under the protection of our government with American whisky. Would it not be well for the government to consider what can be done to prevent the demoralizing effect of liquor in the states?

Prof. PIERRE FRANCOIS BAERN, an eminent pathologist and microscopist of Baarn, Holland, has been awarded the prize for the best essay on the care of drunkards and the cure of drunkenness, offered by the Inebriates' home at Fort Hamilton, N. Y. The competitors have had a year in which to prepare their papers. The Dutch professor made many delicate microscopical experiments with rabbits as subjects. The results of these experiments will overjoy pathologists, who have held that drunkenness is a disease. Prof. Spauk finds that alcoholism is a disease that has its origin in the habitual use of alcohol or other strong drink. It is a disease, he calls it itself and calling for special treatment.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—The biggest day's receipts in the history of the Brooklyn bridge were on April 30, 1890, the day of the centennial anniversary celebration. They amounted to \$5,018.80.

—A story comes from Lander, Wyo., that an unknown hunter was killed by a silver-tip bear, the hunter also killing the bear. The bodies of the bear and man were locked together in a death grip. The bear was killed by knife thrusts, while the man was crushed to death by the silver-tip's powerful and fatal hug.

—A workman at Elizabethport was hit in the neck by a steel splinter from a machine at the New Jersey copper works recently. The chip penetrated the neck and lodged in the windpipe. The next day he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which loosened the steel, and he ejected it. The wound bled freely after being inflicted, but the man is now well.

—Students passing through a ravine near the poor farm at Crawfordsville, Ind., found what they at first thought was a dead man. He was only in a trance, and, as he disappeared five weeks ago from the poor house, it is believed he was in a trance all that time. His clothes were rotted off, and he was covered with vermin. He had eaten nothing in five weeks.

—A resident of Washington street, Waterbury, Conn., has invented a new plan to circumvent chicken thieves. He uses copper rods for roosts, and these he has connected with a battery in his bed room. When a thief tampers with the hen coop alarm rings at the proprietor's head, and by pressing a button a shock is sent through the roost, and the whole congregation of fowls crows and clucks in vociferous unison.

—A Chinese beggar does not often appeal to white families for aid, but one came to a Portland, Ore., residence the other day, was taken in and given a lunch of chips, potatoes, bread and coffee. The meal over, he produced the vilest kind of a vile Chinese cigar, calmly lit it, and, cocking his feet on the table, filled the kitchen with smoke. When told to go, he said: "No want go; heape like here; heape enjoy self." In one minute and a half afterward he was kicked out of the house.

—A goose with an artificial leg is the happiest fowl in Alpharetta, Ga. It belongs to Mr. J. B. Broadwell, and some weeks ago an accident deprived it of a foot. Therefore, when the goose traveled, it had to move slowly with a comical hop, and could not keep up with the rest of the geese. Mr. Broadwell took a joint of cane and fitted the leg of the goose in the hollow of the cane, bound it to the leg of the goose with a cord and cut off the lower end of the cane even with the unimpaired foot. The goose now walks with ease.

—Father Hayden, of the Catholic church in New York City, took a bag of gold to the office with the view of obtaining a loan. It was valued at \$10,000. The date was legibly marked on the bag. It had belonged to a party in Idaho City, who had kept it all of the long years. Mr. Cunningham, the assayer in charge, paid the cash on the bar. The interest on its value at 10 per cent. for fifteen years would have amounted to \$1,394.50, or if placed at compound interest at 1 per cent. a month to a little more than \$4,000.

—The singular sight was witnessed in the harbor one morning of a man in a small boat making a cruise with a shark for motive power, says the Panama Star and Herald. Boat after boat went to his assistance, until a string of seven manned by twelve hands was in the procession, but the shark's movements increased with the increased weight, and after leading his captors a merry dance for a long while he succeeded in throwing out the harpoon and effecting his escape. We hear that the length of the brute was estimated at being nearer twenty than fifteen feet—a customer not to be rashly tackled single-handed.

THE CARRIER'S HARD LOT.

He Is Often Victim of the Mischievous Office Boys.

A letter carrier's lot is not, as a rule, a happy one, even if he does get plenty of exercise and fresh air. One of the banes of his existence is the playful office boy. The idea of fun that these boys possess, make the carrier shuffle along many an extra lap. The other morning a carrier entered an office on the first floor of a six-story building in Park row, and opening the door, inquired: "Any one named Murphy in here?" The office boy smiled and replied: "Top floor front room." There was no elevator, so the letter carrier climbed five long flights of stairs only to find that there was no Murphy there, nor had there even been a tenant of that name in the building.

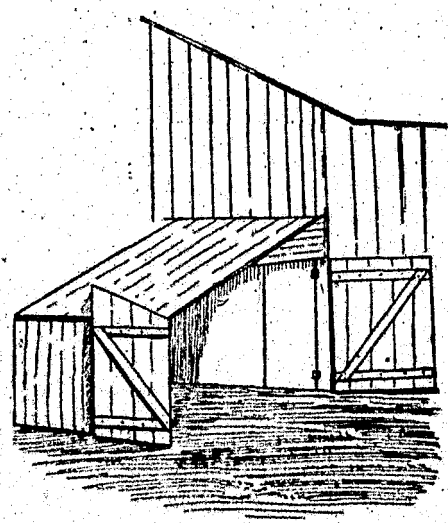
"That boy sent me up on purpose," said the letter carrier, plaintively, when he descended, "just for the fun of the thing. Hundreds of downtown office boys play the same trick. Whenever I go into an office in one of the lower floors of a building where there isn't any elevator and ask for some one, they always promptly send me up to the top floor, whether the person I am looking for is there or not. It seems to be the policy of many office boys to send the letter carrier up, but they little know how much it costs me." And the letter carrier mopped his brow and moved along.—N. Y. Telegram.

THE FARMING WORLD.

SIMPLE EGG MACHINE.

How an Eastern Farmer Makes Poultry-Keeping Profitable.

Fowls are not a specialty on my farm. I seldom keep over 30 or 40 and a mixed lot at that, but I have eggs the year round in abundance, even when they bring 45 cents per dozen. My success I attribute to two causes: First, I never shut them up, having my garden well away from the barns and the front and side yard for flowers well picketed, and second, the "egg machine" is what does the rest. The fowls being always in a healthy, natural condition, the result of freedom, they only need food and protection from the inclemencies of the weather to do well. Green and animal food they find in abundance during eight months of the year and the remainder of the time I furnish it to them as I do grain the year around. The protection or egg machine is merely a tight shed with doors on the south side so it can be entirely or only partly opened. It is 10x20 feet, attached to the west side of one of my barns and only part of it is high enough for a man to stand



erect in. During shows and cold rains the doors are kept closed. All wet and snow are thus excluded. During cold, raw winds and the prevalence of warm rains I instruct the boys to throw open both doors and brace them back. Here the hens can sing and wallow in the dust. The sun can pour in its rays and the winds do not ruffle the plumage and tempers of my pets and like a gently-handled cow they reward me. I have found glass altogether unnecessary and do not believe it to be needed any more than a stove. Sometimes a cart, wagon or mowing machine finds temporary shelter here, but I make it a rule to give the fowls the sole ownership. Sweepings from the adjacent barn floor are thrown in occasionally and the dust is so deep that the whole grain feed mornings has to be sought for vigorously until nearly noon, and the exercise, I don't doubt, a factor in the production of eggs. Once yearly the floor (earth) is hoed over and all the accumulations taken to the corn field. Here is where I get another profit. The droppings are in fine shape for use in the drill or planter, never being matted together. The dust not only keeps the hen manure disintegrated, but also absorbs the ammonia which in most henhouses goes to waste. Properly saved and used no manure is better or will go further.—A. C. West, in Farm and Home.

CARROTS AND TURNIPS.

The Results of Feeding Roots to Stock Are Highly Satisfactory.

Carrots are better adapted for horses, producing a sleek coat, healthy appearance and good appetite. A horse getting a mess of them every night seldom requires medicine. Sheep that have a fair share of turnips or mangels through winter and spring seldom lose their wool before shearing. The ewes have stronger lambs and a better flow of milk, that brings them on faster and earlier for the market, and the whole flock go upon grass in good condition. Milch cows give a larger flow of milk, and richer in quality, which means more butter and fatter calves. The old cows can be made into excellent beef. The young cattle can be brought into value much sooner and with more profit. The manure pile will be much larger and of better quality. One man in Ontario a few years ago raised 20,000 bushels of turnips. A neighbor said to him: "Mr. F., you had better sell 1,000 bushels, they will bring you \$1,000." "No," he says, "I want them all fed on the farm, to go into manure." And he fed all of them. Farms on which roots are raised and fed are getting more productive every year. The dairymen say they would dispose of their cows if they could not have the roots for them! Those that feed cattle for export say they could not do it with a profit without them. One man says: "I could not educate my children as I do if it were not for roots." And numbers of others tell us they have lifted mortgages that they could not have done otherwise. In conclusion let me say that the root crop puts millions of dollars into the pockets of the farmers of Ontario every year. And the individual benefit cannot be estimated.—H. Williams, in Ohio Farmer.

WARR until the fowls are well matured before determining the makeup of the breeding pens. By studying the characteristics of the different fowls intended for breeding and mating accordingly better results will be obtained.—St. Louis Republic.

DIVERSIFIED FARMING.

It Entails Fewer Risks of Loss Than the Ordinary Method.

Some of the most important crops are those that are known as late crops, but the hurry in the spring, and the large proportion of labor required to mature and harvest the early crops sometimes leads to an abandonment of the later crops, the land being allowed to grow up in weeds, or the stubble of grain left until the following spring. Some of the late crops are the most valuable, and many of them are late enough to escape drouth. By growing both early and late crops a year may be made to yield two crops a year, which is no detriment to land that has been well manured. The late crops also impress upon the farmers the advantage of using less land and more manure, and in no other way can weeds be so well eradicated as that of growing an early and late crop on the same land, a system which demands constant cultivation, and of keeping the soil well manured and in a high state of fertility.

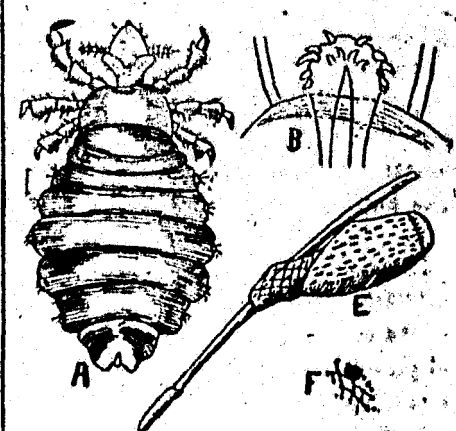
La to potatoes, cabbage, beans, turnips, buckwheat and millet are crops that should pay well, and they will follow peas, old strawberries, wheat, oats or rye. The advantages of such crops consist in requiring the use of the cultivator and the spreading of manure in summer. They do not permit of any kind of weeds being grown, and lessen the work of the farmer in the spring, as well as compelling him to keep the soil loose and fine. These crops can be followed by rye late in the season, a crop that will also assist in keeping down weeds, and which can be turned under the next spring for a green manural crop as a feeder for corn. A crop of millet will not only provide hay but it is one of the best crops ever grown for crowding the weeds and destroying them, while Hungarian grass is equally as good for that purpose, as it can be mowed several times during the spring.

No farmer should make a specialty of a single crop. Diversified farming entails fewer risks of loss. True farming is not to cultivate large acres, but to concentrate the manure and fertilizer on a limited area and make the land produce crops from early in the season until late. There is nothing to prevent the farmer from growing onions as well as wheat. The one crop requires more labor than the other, but it is from the proper application of the labor that the profit is derived. The demand of the markets should be studied, and the demand supplied, no matter what kind of crop may be required.—Philadelphia Record.

SHORT-NOSED OX LOUSE.

A Serious Pest Whose Extirpation Requires Much Labor.

The ox louse, known scientifically as *Hematopinus eurysternus*, a species said to have been well known in early times, and the disease produced by them, phthiriasis, has long been regarded as a most serious pest. The illustration shows the female louse at a highly magnified size, the hair line at the left showing the true length. At B is seen the end of the beak highly magnified, showing it armed with a double row of recurved hooks. The



SHORT-NOSED OX LOUSE. (*Hematopinus eurysternus*) A, female; B, rostrum; C, egg; D, surface of egg greatly enlarged from original.

female deposits her eggs on the hair, attaching them near the skin, as seen at C, and at F is the surface of the egg greatly enlarged. As to the means of destruction veterinarians rely chiefly on stavesacre, and it is undoubtedly the best remedy.

Mr. Tenney recommends the seed of the common larkspur, steeped, and the animal thoroughly washed with the liquid. One application will generally destroy both lice and eggs, though sometimes two thorough applications may be necessary. Stavesacre and larkspur are nearly identical, both plants belonging to the genus *Delphinium*, and both are applied in the same way. Washes of carbolic acid soap or of tobacco infusion are also effectual, but washes of any kind are of course ill adapted to use in midwinter, the time when there is frequently most necessity for treatment. Mercurial ointment, sulphur or tobacco smoke, kerosene and lard, or kerosene emulsion, road dust, ashes, etc., may be resorted to, according to circumstances. Infested animals should, if possible, be placed apart from the others, and much trouble may be saved by this precaution.—Prairie Farmer.

The dairymen who makes a fine article of butter can sell it at a good price. Butter will sell on its merits any time. The commission man knows what a tub of butter is worth. But if anybody will continue to make good butter, he will, after awhile, get an extra price for it.—Western Rural.

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, JULY, 25 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r.

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Covenant Church.—Rev. T. C. Sprout, Pastor. Regular services at 11:30 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m. R. P. Church.—Rev. J. P. Morton, Pastor. Services at 11:30 a. m.; Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m.

M. E. Church.—Rev. G. L. Tufts, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a. m.; Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; classes, 3:30 p. m.; Young People's meeting at 7:30 p. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

U. P. Church.—Rev. J. C. Warnock, pastor. Services at 11:30 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sabbath school at 10:30 a. m.

A. M. E. Church.—Rev. A. C. Spivey, pastor. Services at 11:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. in each Sabbath; Sabbath school 9:30 a. m.

Baptist Church.—Rev. D. M. Turner, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sabbath school at 9:30 o'clock a. m.; Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

BENEFITS OF SEASICKNESS.

The Physical Advantages of the Natural Internal Turkish Bath.

Hundreds of women—and men, too, for that matter—who intend going abroad, dread the possibility of being seasick, says the Ladies Home Journal. Every precaution, ever thought of, printed or told, is borne in mind, and many women go on board ship with a quantity of so-called "remedies" enough to kill ten ordinary persons.

The simple fact is that no malady is so little understood by the doctors as seasickness, and no matter what they may recommend to quiet the fears of intending voyagers there is no such thing as a remedy. Is there any cause for uneasiness in this? Not a particle. There is nothing in the world so productive of good results as seasickness. True, it is unpleasant, but so is any good medicine. If women would anticipate seasickness less, they would be more comfortable.

A good dose of seasickness is the best internal Turkish bath imaginable. You may feel as if you are going to die, but depend upon it you will not. As a rule two days is the limit, and then it is over, and never will you feel so well. Lemons, oranges, champagne—all these are recommended, but the best recommendation, the most practical and common sense, is to let the seasickness have its way, and then you are over with it.

You can modify any possible attack by a little care as to diet a day or two before sailing by avoiding greasy and rich foods, and this is wise. But don't go on board with the settled idea that you are going to be sick. Dismiss the thought. Keep on your feet the first day out. Walk up and down the deck continuously. By this method you get accustomed to the motion of the ship, tire yourself out, and, if you are any sort of a sleeper, you will sleep soundly the first night.

Then the worst is over. But if not and you do get sick just accept it philosophically. Of course you will feel miserable. But let the spell run its course and it is done. And you are better for it and certainly wiser than to try to cure it by a mixture of things, which instead of remedying matters irritates the stomach and gives it a reason for a continuance of proceedings.

One of the leading medical authorities in the world says that fifteen grains of sulphate of quinine administered two hours, or four hours at the most, before embarking will completely free even sensitive subjects from the horrors of seasickness. The experiment is worth trying. In any event it will do no harm. What good it will do remains for every person to decide.

IN GERMAN PRISONS.

Women to Be Employed as Inspectors and Instructors.

The central committee for home missions in Berlin is devoting its attention at present to the necessity of a thorough preparation and practical training of women inspectors of prisons. Women, says the New York Ledger, form a quarter of the number of prisoners, and consequently it is highly desirable that women inspectors should be appointed who could exercise a good influence over the women entrusted to their care. The candidates are to be between twenty-four and thirty-five years of age, must be healthy and of good character, must have had a fairly good education, have interested themselves in parochial work, be desirous of specially educating themselves for prison work, and be prepared to defray the cost of their equipment as well as the journey to Berlin. Eight months are demanded for the training—four of which are to be spent in the Magdalen Institute, two in Berlin prisons and two in a penitentiary for women. In the Magdalen Institute they are to assist in all the instruction given by the sisters in the education of the children, and to share all the hospital work and lectures which the sisters have in the Augusta hospital. The chaplain of the Magdalen Institute, Pastor Wilsenbor, will

give instruction in pedagogy and secure on the best method of caring for the souls of the prisoners. The president of the police, Herr von Riechthofen, and the director of the prisons, Herr Dr. Krohne, have assured the promoters of the movement of their warmest sympathy, and promised hearty cooperation in the work. After completing the course certificates of proficiency will be awarded to those candidates who have satisfied the authorities of their suitability for the work and have passed a final examination. The representatives of the central board have already announced that such candidates will be admitted to posts in the prisons. The cost of the undertaking will amount to one thousand two hundred dollars yearly, and will be defrayed by the central board for home missions.

A Dead City.

Some of the old-time cities of Nevada, which sprang into existence like magic while the mining excitement prevailed, are now almost forgotten. In Austin portions of the main street, which in years past were the scenes of large business transactions, have in the last years absolutely grown up with sage brush. When the moon rises an observer would be led to believe that here and there large stores with stone fronts, once occupied by prosperous merchants, were brilliantly lighted, only to find on passing that the roofs of the buildings have fallen, and the rays of the moon gleam through the still intact doors across the shadowed sidewalk with sepulchral effect.

The editor of the ARROSTOCK TIMES North Star was surrounded by a cow a few nights ago. He says: "She stationed herself directly under our bedroom window and began to ring the changes and variations on the most unearthly and discordant cow bell that ever was turned out of a foundry. 'Ting-a-ling, clapy-clap, ding-dong, whang-bang, tickle, tickle.' We had been expecting that the addition of a prominent North Arrostock granger to the editorial management of the Star would elicit some agricultural response, but we had not expected the response to take the shape of a serenade by an old cow at two o'clock in the morning." After listening to the doleful and disconcerting sound for half an hour the editor arose in his wrath and his nightgown and with a club convinced the cow that she had waked up the wrong journalist. Such is a newspaper man's life in northern Maine.

A turtle was found at Hamilton O., with the names of two men who have long since died, and the date 1817 carved on its back.

A combination of avarice and pride killed a Detroit man. He was too stingy to hire a doctor and too proud to have the city doctor called in.

The Peris were said to be descendants of fallen angels. The Pearys who are rusticated in Northern Greenland are evidently of another blood; for the descendants of fallen angels would certainly seek the equator in preference to the Arctic regions.

At the international medical congress this week it was stated as a scientific fact that a five-pound loaf of bread contains as much nutriment as will be found in a daily diet of eight or ten quarts of beer continued for a year. But few people drink beer for the nutriment contained in it.

It was dangerous to be a member of the household of Charles McGratten of Pittsburg last week. David Bell, a boarder, committed suicide. Shortly after a lamp exploded and burned up two of McGratten's children and his house. Harry Rowe and Peter Knee, two other boarders, went to the ruins to look for some of their effects. A brick chimney fell on them, almost instantly killing Rowe and fatally injuring Knee.

A Vermont farmer wondered why his bean crop was so backward. He had put up his poles and given the hills good care. Looking into the matter, he found that he had not planted any beans. This farmer must be a blood relative of the amateur photographer who recently went 30 miles out in the country to take some choice views, filled 50 plates and found when he came to develop them at home that he hadn't opened the shutter of his camera.

Sunday Excursions via the Pennsylvania Lines.

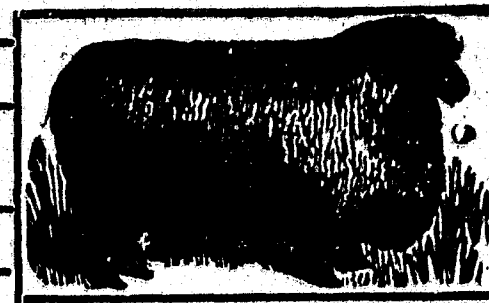
Tickets at one fare for the round trip between any two stations on the Cincinnati Division from Columbus and Springfield to Cincinnati, inclusive will be sold by the P. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co. on each Sunday until further notice, during the summer of 1891.



1839



1891



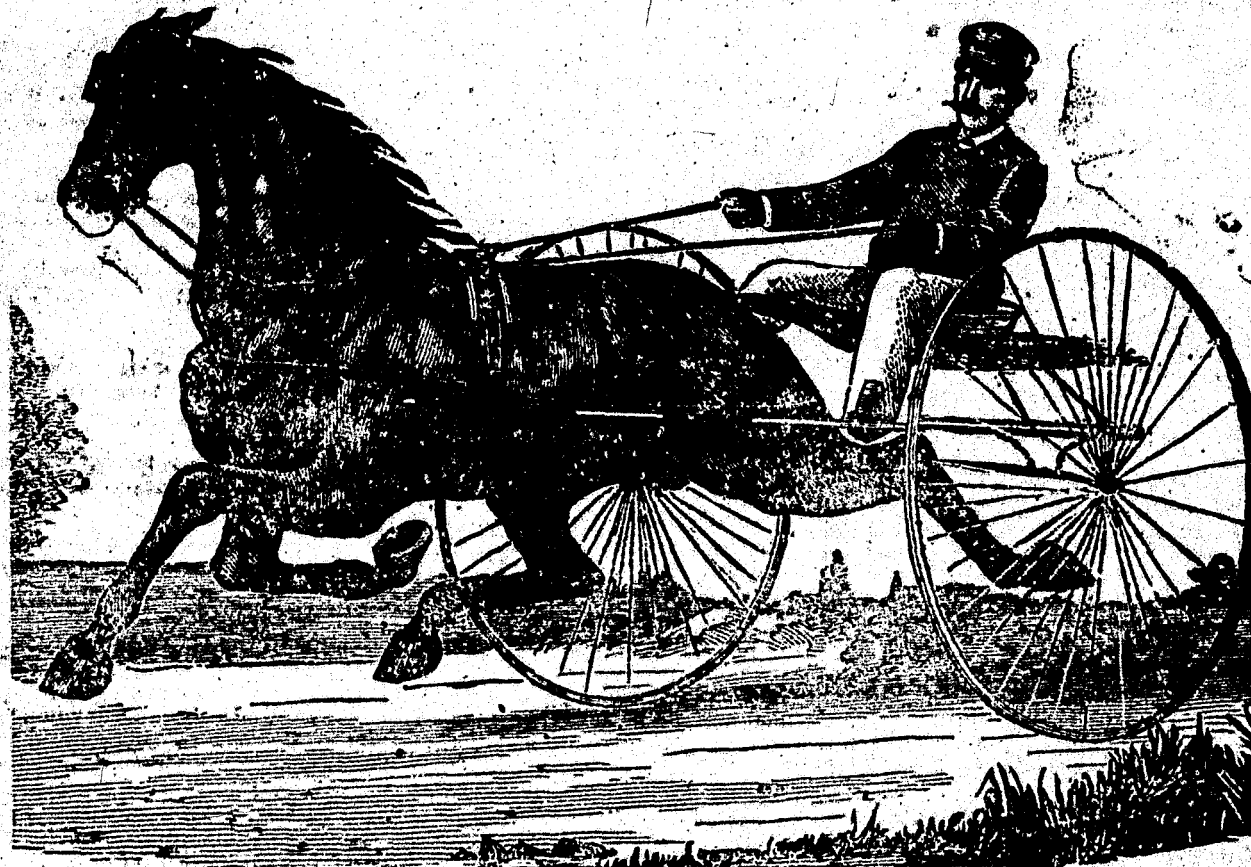
Fifty-Second Annual Fair!

OF THE GREENE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

WILL BE HELD AT

XENIA, AUG. 11, 12, 13, 14

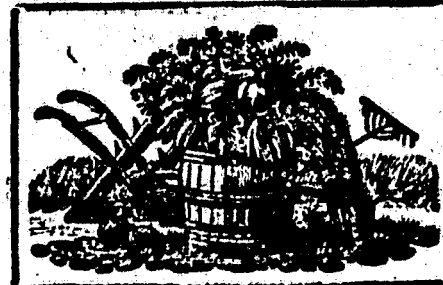
PROGRAM UNUSUALLY ELABORATE AND INTERESTING.



EVERY DAY A BANNER DAY WITH SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS. ALL DEPARTMENTS WILL OVERFLOW WITH GOOD THINGS.

OPEN TO ALL \$4,000.00 IN PREMIUMS

THE SPEED DEPARTMENT WILL BE ENJOYABLE BEYOND EXAMPLE. THE COMING FAIR WILL SURPASS PRECEDING ONES.



Regarding good races as the magnet of a Fair, the Directors have secured entries of the finest-footed horses in the country, and the conduct of drivers and owners will be so regulated that the contents will be hot and honest, while the exhibitions all through will be respectable.



Back to the Old Way.

After deliberate consideration on the corps of physicians employed by the Jackson Manufacturing Co., to investigate the so-called advance in medical science with reference to the treatment of lung troubles, they have decided that the old reliable medicinal properties of Wild Cherry Bark and a highly eliminated preparation of Tar, possesses the most reliable stimulant to the weak and distended lobes of the lungs. They are nature's own remedies, and as a consequence the manufacturer has decided to continue the sale of Jackson's Wild cherry and Tar Syrup under a positive guarantee that one dose will relieve the most obstinate cough and one bottle will generally cure a cold. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by B. G. Ridgway.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this receipt in German, French or English with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this paper, W. A. Norx, 826 Power's Block Rochester, N. Y.



MEADOW BROOK STOCK FARM.

Aberdeen-Angus Cattle

For sale. A choice lot of young bulls; also a fine lot of grade heifers for sale at very reasonable prices. Come and see them and be convinced of their merits, or write to

D. Bradgate & Son, Cedarville O.

CHAS. E. SMITH'S

Is the place for you to get a smooth shave or a stylish hair cut. Over The Bank of Cedarville.

G. L. PAINE, D. D. S. EBER REYNOLDS, D. D. S.

PAINE & REYNOLDS, DENTISTS

Xenia National Bank building, corner Main and Detroit Sts., Xenia, O.

Vitalized Air and Nitrous Oxide Gas used for the PAINLESS Extraction of Teeth.

W. F. TRADER Attorney At Law.

NO. 9 EAST MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

OFFICE OF DITTON & GALLIN, Dealers in fine horses, Columbus, O. GENTLEMEN—Early last spring one of our horses was seriously injured by being kicked. Arabian Oil was recommended to us and we gave it a trial. The result was not only satisfactory, but surprising. The wound healed rapidly, and the animal was ready for use in a few days. Since that time we have by its use cured a number of cases of scratches and removed some bad cases of curbs. Arabian Oil is undoubtedly the best general Stock Liniment that we ever used, and we advise Farmers and Horsemen to keep a supply of it in their stables at all times. Yours Respectfully, DITTON & GALLIN. We offer \$100 for a case of Scratches. Arabian Oil will not cure. For sale by B. G. Ridgway.

The Cedarville Herald.

W. R. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, OHIO.

A WORD IN ANGER SPOKEN.

A word in anger spoken—
How often does it prove
The cause of cold indifference
In hearts whose rule is love!
How oft the sweetest pleasures
Humility can know
Are by a harsh expression
Turned into bitter woe!

A word in anger spoken—
How many sighs, and tears,
And sleepless nights, and cheerless days,
And weary, weary years,
Have been its mournful product,
Though charity essayed
To heal the deadly, festering wound
Which thoughtless anger made.

A word in anger spoken—
A blot upon life's page
Which oft will leave its impress
From youth to latest age.
May may forgive an insult,
But still it bears its fruit.
For memory is a tyrant
Whose rule is absolute.

A word in anger spoken—
Has oft engendered strife
Between the loving husband
And the dotting, trusting wife;
Has caused a barrier to rise
Between the child and mother,
And led foul enmity to part
The sister and the brother.

A word in anger spoken—
If you have felt its blight,
Receive henceforth to "know thyself,"
And train thy spirit right.
Keep watch upon thy every thought,
Thy every look and word,
And thou shalt live from sorrow free,
As joyous as a bird.

A word in anger spoken—
Oh! weigh the sentence well,
For it contains a lesson
That words are vain to tell.
The human heart is faulty,
And the wisest of us all
May drop a careless word in wrath,
That we would fain recall.

—Francis S. Smith, in N. Y. Weekly.



A Story of the Late War.

BY BERNARD BIGSBY.

Author of "Loyal to Last," "My Lady Fancies," "Ellen's Great Secret," "Fall Among Thieves," Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"What news from the river, Winters?"
"The worst, General. Six gunboats
have advanced—two are disabled and
are drifting helplessly down the stream,
while the others seem likely to follow."
"Ah! then, after all, the blow must
be struck on land!"

And General Grant passed on, a
strange, cold gleam of determination
lighting his usually impassive features.
Meanwhile it was faring but badly
with the hapless garrison. On the
night of the 14th a council of war was
held by the beleaguered commanders.
They had done all that mortal men
could do, and knew that the end was
come. General Floyd turned over the
command to General Pillow, taking,
however, his brigade across the river,
and Pillow turned it over again to Buck-
ner, succeeding, too himself, in escap-
ing in a wood scow.

At daylight Grant was ready for the
final assault. But see! the white flag
waves and an officer comes from the
beleaguered ranks with offers of capitu-
lation. Grant's terms seem hard:

"Nothing but unconditional and im-
mediate surrender!" he cried, "or I will
move upon your works."

Then Buckner sent back the bitter
message: "Necessity compels me to ac-
cept your ungenerous and unchivalrous
terms," and Fort Donelson was won and
fifteen thousand prisoners captured.

Ah, how quickly the news sped
North and South. What glad hurrahs!
What bitter tears, what joy, what sor-
row, greeted that fallen fort!

Johnston heard the news at Nashville
and retreated in hot haste. Buell
heard it and seized the defenseless city,
and (they heard it at Columbus on the
Mississippi and spiked his guns and
saw him in the river, and fell back on
Island Number Ten, thirty miles away,
whose strong works he hoped would
shield him.

And two gentle women at Melton-
burg heard it and on their knees
thanked God—not that Fort Donelson
was fallen—but that their soldier-boy
was safe.

CHAPTER IX.

FRANK MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"Heaven aid me! Where am I now?"
"Which way shall I turn?"

The speaker was Frank Besant—the
scene, the bank of a swollen stream,
once a mere mountain torrent, but now
a rushing river of muddy waters.

Many things had happened since the
fall of Fort Donelson. First and fore-
most the hero of that splendid victory,
Ulysses Grant, for disobedience of or-
ders, had fallen under the cloud of Hal-
leck's displeasure and been peremptorily
ordered to turn over the command to
General C. F. Smith, a man of high
military capacity, but brief career.
Poor fellow! His was not a soldier's
death on the battle-field, mid clang of
arms and roar of guns, but the wound

which ran him low—the mere scratch
of a rusty nail stepping into a boat
after the fall of Fort Donelson—was
already sapping his vital forces.

Frank's regiment was again on the
march to join Buell at Nashville, with
Frank as acting Captain of his com-
pany and an assurance that his appoint-
ment would be soon confirmed.

Yet here he was in as hard a strait as
man ever found himself.

The day had been one of strange ad-
venture to him. A band of the enemy
had been sighted at dawn, like them-
selves moving in a southerly direction
to join their army, and Frank's com-
pany had been deployed as skirmishers,
when, with a rush, there had sprung
from ambush on the flank two troops
of Confederate cavalry, that sought to
cut off their retreat. It had been a mad
recall, and most of his men had fought
their way back to their command, but
our hero had been ridden down by a
horseman, and had fallen stunned and
senseless to the ground, and when he
had recovered his wits sufficiently to
gaze around, the tide of battle had
swept away, and not even a sound of
fire-arms gave him a signal where were
friend or foe. He had risen and shaken
himself, and found to his delight that,
though bruised in body, no bones were
broken. But he was not alone. A few
feet away a strange scene had presented
itself. Prone on the ground, with his
face to the earth, lay the figure of a
man, while a horse, with torn bridle
and turned saddle, stood over him, snif-
fling with distended nostrils the pro-
strate form of its master. The animal
had not run away at Frank's approach,
but had permitted him to capture and
caress him without a sign of nervous-
ness. Having tethered the horse to a
tree, Frank had turned his attention to
the man, whom he found to be a young
Confederate cavalry officer, shot through
the leg and literally bleeding to death.

It had not taken him long to fashion a
rough tourniquet of a leather strap
and piece of wood, and to revive the
wounded boy with water from a neigh-
boring creek; so when he had done all
to make him comfortable, he had
mounted the horse and sped for assist-
ance.

And now he found himself, after
hours of useless riding, cut off from
further hope by this turbid stream.

A cold day in latter March had passed
away; a pale and cheerless sun, that
had cast no heat on the leafless scenery,
had sunk, and the darkness of a stormy

night was coming on rapidly. On the
brink of the torrent he had reined up
his weary and mud-covered horse, and
by the light of day that yet lingered
in the sky, had seen far away on the
opposite bank the indistinct outlines of
a house.

"Swim the river I must," he mut-
tered, "but death may be the pen-
alty."

He knew that in his rear, the way
they had marched, lay wastes of mor-
tars and dense pine woods, inhabited
only by the few wild animals civilization
had driven to its recesses. As he
looked anxiously at the house, the abode
evidently of some planter, its out-
lines disappeared in the gathering
gloom of night; but lights were begin-
ning to sparkle cheerfully through its
many windows. Could those who were
comfortably, perhaps luxuriously, seated
within but know that there was a
yellow-bellied on the eve perhaps of per-
ishing helplessly amid the dark flow of
that deep roaring river? Again and
again he hallooed loudly, but in vain.

"Ah, if I should perish here—such a
fate," thought he, shuddering. "To be
cast a drowned corpse on some lonely
swamp, and to be found and stripped by
some reckless woodsman who will never
even send word of my fate to the dear
ones at Meltonburg."

With a brief invocation on his lips, he
gave the horse the rein, and with a
flour and angry snort the gallant beast
plunged into the torrent. Floating
roots and trunks of trees, the debris of
the storm that had swept the land,
struck rider and horse and forced them
down the stream; but after twice nearly
giving up the struggle, the horse
gained its footing on the opposite bank
and emerged from the flood, panting,
snorting, dripping and trembling in
every fiber.

Leading the sturdy steed by the bridle,
and caressing it the while, he made
his way up the bank, and, guided only
by the lights in the mansion, he groped
his way onward. It was a large house,
The glowing warmth within shone
through the curtains and bespoke com-
fort to the weary traveler, who could
scarcely drag along his benumbed

limbs. He boldly approached the door
and knocked vigorously. A colored
man-servant answered his summons,
and hastily calling another to take his
horse to the stable, ushered the
drenched visitor into a comfortable
room, on whose hearth a big log-fire
was burning.

As Frank stood reveling in the glow-
ing warmth, a tall, dignified, aristoc-
ratic old man entered, whose keen,
dark eyes expressed a spirit that could
be suave or irritable as occasion
prompted.

"Where are you from?" he asked, ab-
ruptly, more in a tone of authority than
of anxious inquiry.

Frank, shivering with cold, told his
story briefly and without comment.
When he recited his adventure with the
wounded youth in the forest, the
host's manner quickly changed. Noth-
ing could be more urbane and agreeable
than the tones in which he bade the
young man welcome to his roof.

"We must thank your accident for
procuring us the pleasure of your visit
in this lonely place," he said, with a
sweet smile. "And, if you will excuse
me a few minutes I will see that a
chamber is prepared for your occupa-
tion. You will be glad to be rid of that
dripping uniform."

"But the poor lad, wounded in the
woods," Frank said, anxiously. "We
must lose no time in going to his relief."
"Ah, that is already attended to. A
party of my people, attracted by the
firing, hastened to the spot and found
him just as you left him. They brought
him here an hour ago—doubtless you,
being ignorant of the country, wandered
by a more circuitous route."

"And is he much hurt?" Frank asked,
greatly relieved by the information. It
did not strike him then as remarkable
that his host's "people" should have
been so fortunately successful in spot-
ting the whereabouts of the unfortun-
ate young man, though afterwards
events made the mystery clearer.

"You certainly saved his life," the old
man declared, gravely. "And now,
without more talking, let me go and
make preparations to relieve your dis-
comfort."

Frank soon found himself in deligh-
tful quarters—a cheery, airy bedroom,
with a roaring fire on his hearth and a
suit of his host's clothes and linen lying
handy on the snowy coverlet of a big,
old-fashioned four-post bed. To strip,
to wash, to dress, was but the work of
a few minutes to the young soldier; but,
quick as he was, he was barely ready
when a servant announced that supper
was served and Mr. Lascelles was
awaiting his company.

"Mr. who?" Frank demanded of the
retreating domestic.

"Mass' Lascelles, boss. An' the
ladies don gone down in the dinin'-room
already."

Lascelles! Could fate have thrown
him once more in contact with the
charming heroine of his adventure at
St. Louis? Why not? She said she
lived in Kentucky; then, what more
probable than that this mansion were
her home, and his host the husband of
the courtly old lady, who had nursed
Charlie Fulton so tenderly? With these
reflections, he descended the staircase,
and following the sound of voices, en-
tered the dining-room.

Yes, there she was, flashing in the
superb beauty that had set his heart
afire so many months ago—she and
another girl about her own age arm in
arm, while the old man stood slightly
frowning at the unavoidable delay.

Mary Lascelles recognized him in an
instant. "Without the slightest sign of
embarrassment, she stepped forward
with outstretched hand (very tiny and
delicate it was, too, Frank noticed) to
welcome him.

"Why, Mr. Besant," she said, sweetly,
"this is indeed an unexpected pleas-
ure."

Then turning to the old gentleman
she added, with demure assurance: "I
had the gratification of making Mr.
Besant's acquaintance during my stay
in St. Louis last fall, grandfather."

Mr. Lascelles did not speak, but a
scarcely perceptible movement of his
eyebrows expressed his surprise.

"And now," continued the charming
girl to Frank, "let me introduce you to
my cousin, Mabel Carter. There, you
know us all now, so let us get to sup-
per."

Conversation at the table flowed
freely, but Besant could not but observe
that when brief allusion was made to
the fall of Fort Donelson—not by Frank,
you may be sure—her proud nostrils
seemed to dilate and a decidedly danger-
ous expression glittered in Miss Las-
celles' splendid dark eyes. Would that
glance ever soften, he thought, if
Charlie Fulton whispered in those ex-
quisite ears a tale of sweet devotion?
There must be some dove-like softness
in a nature like hers, Frank mused,
notwithstanding that quivering lip and
proud disdain.

But Frank's nerves were not of steel
nor his youthful vigor unconquerable by
fatigue and suffering, so as soon as the
repast was ended he begged to be per-
mitted to retire, as his journey must be
resumed at early dawn.

Utterly worn out, he sank on his bed,
without removing more of his clothes
than his borrowed coat, and fell into a
profound slumber.

For hours he slept.

Was it a dream that Mary Lascelles,
with her rustling dress of scarlet
trimmed with snowy miniver, was
standing over him?

He started fitfully, and woke.

No, it was no dream. In reality she
stood beside him, holding a lamp in her
hand which threw its rays across the
spacious room.

"You must go," she said, speaking in
anxious haste. "Go at once, without
one word of explanation. Your uniform
and arms are here. Dress as quickly as
you can, for moments are precious. You
will find me in the garden below await-
ing you."

And before he could speak one word
of reply, the fair vision had glided from
the room.

Had these been less stirring times, he
might have thought the whole scene
the phantasy of an over-tired brain, but
a soldier's life had rendered him quick
to cast off the lethargy of sleep, and in
an instant he had his faculties about
him.

"I am here," came the silvery tones of
a woman's voice, as he stepped from the
broad porch to the garden walk.

"This is a sudden alarm, Miss Las-
celles," he said, as he joined her under
the gloomy shadow of a big magnolia.

"But none the less necessitous," she
replied; "ask me not how I know it,
Frank Besant, but already your en-
emies and my friends—alas, the cruel
bitterness of it—are closing around you."

"But, surely, when he remembers the
humane errand I came on your grand-
father's protection would be afforded me."

"Yes, and he thinks it would be all-
sufficient, but I know better."

"You are very, very good to me," the
young man sighed, softly.

"Ah, you have found that out. It is
hard for a woman to keep a secret like
mine."

Her voice trembled as she spoke, while
Frank felt a dull sense of shame and
dread creep over him. "Surely there
could be but one meaning to her words.
He knew not what to reply.

"I shall never be able to do enough to
show my gratitude," he said, lamely.

"Never!" was the passionate reply.

"Who knows?" the young soldier ven-
tured. "The fortunes of war are vari-
ous, and it may be my turn to help you
when next we meet."

"Help me! You help me! God keep
me from your help! You have helped
me now, Frank Besant, to forget the
holy cause that should absorb my very
soul, to barter my sense of duty to my
fatherland for an unwomanly interest
in one who comes with sword and fire
to waste my country. But hark! she
cried, suddenly seizing his hand in
both of hers, "surely that is the sound
of horses' hoofs? Away, down yonder
path among the apple-trees! It will
bring you to the Nashville pike. Here
in this basket is food and wine: take it,
and hurry! but—oh, one word before
you go. If in the time to come—"

But horsemen were coming at furious
speed along the shadowed avenue, and
the girl's injunction was never uttered;
for, with a bound, Frank dashed to the
path of freedom, and ran stumbling
through the darkness to the distant
highway.

The stars of another night were glim-
mering in the heavens, when, footsore
and weary, he reached the fair city,
whose beautiful streets had been of late
so often trodden by friend and foe.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE TOILS.

But hark! Louder sounds the thun-
dering storm of battle. From far and
wide the mail-clans are gathering for
the fierce struggle that shall bathe so
many fields in blood. The South is wild
with the alarms of war. Johnston has
marshaled his troops at Corinth, where
Beauregard has concentrated forces,
Bragg has come from Florida, Polk from
the Mississippi, and Price and Van Dorn
are marching at the head of thirty
thousand men from Arkansas.

And the Northern heroes muster for
the fray by thousands. Sherman has
joined the Tennessee expedition, Buell
is hurrying from Nashville, and Smith,
with forty thousand soldiers and seven-
ty transports, has pitched his tents at
Pittsburgh Landing, an obscure spot,
whose name ere long shall darken the
page of history; and Grant is there, a
shadowy picture in the back-ground at
first, but soon to take the leadership of
that vast array. Like two huge, angry
monsters, those great armies lie, but
thirty miles apart.

On a plateau, two miles from the
Landing, stood a log meeting-house,
known as Shiloh Church, which has
given its name to the bloody battle
fought near its peaceful walls.

Smith was in the throes of death, and
Grant was in command, with Sherman
for his staunch right hand, while on the
other side of the river Buell with forty-
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tant.

And Beauregard and Johnston at
Corinth knew that their only hope was
to crush Grant's army before Buell
could reach it.

On the third of April the Southern
host stole noiselessly from their strong-
hold, and on the fifth camped on the wet
ground, without fires, at a spot
scarce a mile from the Federal pickets.

At dawn on Sunday morning, while
Grant, little suspecting the danger that
threatened him, had crossed the river to
consult Buell, the storm burst; for
hardly had the pall of night lifted than
from the woods poured forth the South-
ern hosts on the astounded pickets.

At eight o'clock Grant returned to
gaze with sadness on a battle almost
lost, and which, but for Sherman's gal-
lant bearing, would have been an ab-
solute rout.

At noon the entire Federal army had
been driven from their camp, and were
crowded into a space of little more than
four hundred acres on the verge of the
bluff overlooking the Landing, towards
which they were rushing in wild con-
fusion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

A postal card bearing the following
supercription was received in Auburn,
N. Y., a few days ago: "Postmaster,
Auburn, Please Del. via to Some A. J. or
Chief of Police, N. Y." It con-
tained the startling announcement that
a reward of fifteen dollars would be
paid for the conviction of a man and
the return of a horse and buggy stolen
from a person in Cortland county.

Probably the most modest and un-
assuming of all the employees of the
Pennsylvania railroad is Mr. George R.
Roberts, the president of that great
corporation. He has climbed up the
ladder of promotion from the humble
position of rodman in the engineering
corps, and is a plain, quiet and conser-
vative man of business. Mr. Roberts is
a tall and slender man of 57 years,
with a few streaks of gray in his hair.

—Prince Bismarck, who in younger
days was accustomed to write auto-
graph letters, has now given up doing
so altogether. When he does corre-
spond with persons who have paid him
some attention, either in the form of a
letter or of a present, which he is con-
stantly receiving from some admirer,
he now only signs his epistle himself,
but in order to make up for it not being
autographically written he incloses his
photograph.

"I don't mind so much growing
bald," said the submissive man, "as I
mind having every friend and acquaint-
ance giving me cartloads of advice free
of charge. Who was it that said that
what one could get for nothing wasn't
worth very much? Every man I know
has a remedy for my baldness, different
from every one else's remedy. Every
one is a sure cure, of course. Mean-
while, I am calmly sitting down and
growing bald. It's a pity that a man
can't even grow bald in peace."—N. Y.
Tribune.

A curiosity was discovered at Sew-
ickley Station, on the Baltimore & Ohio
railroad, in the shape of an iron chain
imbedded in the body of a big sycamore
tree. The chain had been originally
used for tying up a skiff. It was evi-
dently placed there a number of years
ago, and the bark on the opposite side
from the river cut to hold it in position.
Both the bark and wood have long since
grown over it, and the chain now
passes completely through the trunk,
nine inches from the surface. It is held
as firmly as a rock.

—Hubert Herkimer, the English ar-
tist, is building a house at Bushy, on
the Thames, and not far from London,
which will bear in every part the im-
press of his many-sided genius. He
drew the plans himself, and designed
the decorations. Some of the carvings
will be from his own hands, while his
brush will give to the walls and ceilings
their most delicate touches. In the
house he will have rooms set apart for
the gratification of his different artistic
tastes. These are numerous, including
painting in oil and water, carving, play-
writing, and the composition of music.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOUSEHOLD BR.

—Red ants will not co-

—The odor is enough to

—Keep your salt box

—Hot iron utensils on from

—Let your table top

—To clean gold jew-

—stones in, wash in warm

—fine soap, with ten or

—sal volatile in it. This

—very brilliant.

—Fritters—Two eggs

—milk, two teaspoonfuls

—powder, flour to make

—drop into hot lard and

—frit. Free Press.

—Brown Bread.—One

—meal, one pint of water

—of rye flour, one-half

—cups, one-half teaspoonful

—Let stand one hour, then

—Cook in Housekeeping.

—Jellies.—Jelly.—Half

—with clean gelatin jelly

—lemon; lay round this a

—blanc-mange flavored w

—cut in small rounds, the

—with currant jelly and

—one-half hour before a

—Herald.

—Sheep's Tongues.—If

—the tongues in a little a

—few turns in bacon fa-

—ing over them salt,

—cayenne, shred parsn-

—crumbs. When well co-

—latter, lay them on

—broil them slowly.—N.

—To Clean Chambray.—

—it plenty of soft soap,

—for two hours in a w-

—soda and warm water.

—this time rub it until

—rinsing it in clean wate-

—soda and yellow soap

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, JULY, 25, 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE \$1.25 PER ANNUM.

John Bromagen is home from Columbus.

Mrs. Wm. Kyle and Mrs. D. M. Dean went to Dayton Tuesday.

Wallace Barber has gone to Alexandria to work at the carpenter trade.

Miss Jessie Small, of Xenia, is the guest of her mother, at this place, this week.

Frank Blair and son, of Sparta, Ill., are visiting Mrs. James Creswell, daughter of Mrs. B.

Mrs. Will Torrence will spend the heated term at the Mineral Springs, Adams county.

De Pugh Barber, of Pullman, Ill., spent a week's vacation at home. He returns to his work to-day.

The Jamestown Fair Company have adopted the cash system and will pay premiums each day of the fair.

The firm of Dean and Barber have dissolved by mutual consent, and C. W. Dean will conduct the business in his own name.

Mrs. J. W. Pollock has returned home from a few weeks visit with her brother Rev. W. H. Anderson, at Tranquillity Ohio.

Mrs. J. O. Stewart and children, and mother, Mrs. Van Etten spent the week at Yellow Springs, guests of Prof. Tufts and family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Gibson, of Springfield, are the guests of their sisters, Mrs. John Wade, and the Misses Gibson this week.

Mrs. Davis, of Locust Grove, Mrs. Rothrock and daughter, of Washington, C. H., and Mrs. Shaw and Son, of Allegheny City, Pa., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John George.

Mrs. Will Elrick and daughter Edna go to Alexandria, Ind., to-day to spend a week. Mr. E. has the contract for the building of forty houses there and will remain until he has completed them.

The Citizen's Printing and Publishing Company of Yellow Springs, have purchased the Yellow Springs Review and will take possession August 1st. With the new outfit they have purchased, the present company will be enabled to do good work, and should receive all the patronage of the Springs. Dr. Ulster will give their patrons a good paper.

While unloading a printing press at Yellow Springs last Saturday, J. L. McKinney was badly injured by a heavy piece of the machinery falling on him. It was thought for a time he could not recover, but there has been a change for the better and he is now improving rapidly. He was badly mashed in the hips, and the pelvic bones were broken.

Miss Mary Hamilton, who recently returned from Paducah, Ky., where she has been teaching school, last week left for Washington City, where she was met by Prof. W. L. Houston, of Evansville, Indiana, and they were at once united in marriage. Prof. Houston is an ex-principal of the Paducah schools, and it was there he became acquainted with Miss Hamilton.

El Smith and Spence Shepherd, who have been selling Wood's Automatic Washer in Miami county, are spending a week at home, and will next Monday start to Scioto county. These gentlemen have disposed of a large number of machines as well as a great deal of territory since they commenced, and every person who have done business with them have found them to be upright in all their dealings.

Wilson Walker, of Dayton, was the guest of friends at this place yesterday.

Charley Grouse has just received a new gun that he has reason to feel proud of. The stock of squirrels in this vicinity will soon be greatly diminished.

Rev Warnock, of the Cedarville U. P. church has been granted a four weeks vacation to be taken at his convenience. The session of this church at a recent meeting resolved to devote at least one-tenth of their income to the Lord, and recommended the same to the congregation.—[Xenia Gazette.

Some girls in town think they are just perfect if they can "catch on" with strange young men and "get ahead" of other girls. To all such girls our advice is, "Know ye your associates." It is unladylike for girls to walk the streets late at night with young men they have met for the first time.—[Lebanon Patriot.

For the third time death has suddenly darkened the family circle of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nesbit of South Denver. Mary Irene Nesbit, their third child, born December 20, 1890, was as well as usual yesterday morning, when her father, who is connected with the business office of the Republican, left for his office. In the afternoon he was surprised by a notification that his daughter was very ill. He hurried home, but Mary's illness proved fatal and she died a few moments after he arrived.

What makes the occurrence particularly sad is the fact that this is the third time Mr. and Mrs. Nesbit have lost a child under similar circumstances. They have the sympathy of many friends.—[Denver Republican.

Every town sends out her excursionists who spend from a week to ten days reveling among the beauties of nature. Some pitch their tents among the cliffs, while others derive more pleasure in some secluded glen where only the oo-ooing of the owl or the melodious song of the frog relieves the monotony. Cedarville youth and maidens, however, suddenly developed an archeological turn of mind and they have decided to sojourn for a short time upon the pre-historic grounds adjacent to Ft. Ancient, where they expect to delve among the tombs of the mound builders with a possible hope of making a find that may render them famous. It is to be presumed that they will also indulge in a few of the modern pastimes, such as boating, tennis, croquet and it may be flirting, but those who will be beside issues as it were. They expect to go about the first week in August, and will remain from ten days to two weeks.

One more old and respected citizen has been called to render an account. Yesterday morning, Mrs. Mary A. Little died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James Orr in North Cedarville, at the age of 69 years. About five years ago Mrs. Little suffered an attack of malarial fever which left her entirely prostrated, and during the entire time she has suffered constantly, until her release by death.

Mary A. McMillan was born in South Carolina in October, 1822, and moved to Ohio with her parents when about nine years of age. In 1843 she was united in marriage with Mr. John Bromagen, but was left a widow in about fourteen months. In 1847 she married Mr. Robert Little, with whom she lived happily until his death in 1872. She was the mother of ten children, six of whom survive her, viz: Mr. John Bromagen; James and Riley Little, Mrs. Orr, Mrs. Galbreath and Miss Nettie Little. Mrs. Little united with the R. P. church over fifty years ago, and has lived a consistent christian life, honored by all who knew her. The funeral services will be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Orr Monday morning at 9 o'clock and will be conducted by Rev. Morton.

The following letter from the pen of Rev. John M. Kyle, formerly of this place, will doubtless interest our readers:

"While our ship lies here at anchor I will send you a few lines to let you know of our progress. It was late at night Friday just one week ago when we entered New York City after a long day's ride over the Erie railway. The day was delightful and the fine scenery of Southern New York made the trip as pleasant as could be wished. The good byes to home friends and relatives had all been said and we were on our way back to Brazil. We remained in New York until Wednesday and the weather was cool for this time of year. After completing all of our arrangements we went on board our steamer, the Vigilance, of the United States and Brazil Mail Steamship line which lay at Brooklyn pier.

There is a large party of missionaries going to Brazil by this steamer. All were ready at the hour of starting, among them Rev. E. M. Pinkerton and wife, of Ohio, who are going out for the first time. Amid waving of handkerchiefs, and there was some shedding of tears, the tug commenced to draw our big ship back into the current of East river. Among those who waved their good-byes was our old friend and cousin, Rev. Finley M. Foster, formerly of Cedarville.

It was a few minutes after 5 o'clock when we started and the sun did not set until we had passed out through the Narrows and around Sandy Hook. As darkness came on we could see the lights from Long Branch and other summer resorts which line the Jersey coast. The next day was dark and rainy and the passengers seemed to partake of the outer dullness or were sea sick.

We had time to begin an acquaintance with our fellow passengers. There are thirteen in our missionary party including children and I understand that three Baptist missionaries are to join us here. The wife of an officer in the U. S. Navy is going to meet her husband at Rio. The wife and daughter of the American Consul at St. Thomas are on their way out there. Three young Brazilians are returning to their native land after an absence of more than four years.

At about nine o'clock last night we passed the light houses on Cape Charles and Henry and this morning we lay at the dock here at Newport News. To spend two days here in a hot and uninteresting place is not desirable. The noise of the men loading cargo never stops. In order to get away from all this an excursion was planned this morning to some more interesting points. Our party voted to visit Hampton Institute, which is located at Hampton only eight miles distant. It is a large institution kept up for the purpose of giving an education and a course in manual training to colored and indian youth. It is well equipped and is doubtless doing a good work. There are doubtless about 600 in attendance during term time. From the institute we went to the National Soldiers' Home which occupies adjacent grounds. It is organized upon the same plan and for the same purpose as the Dayton Home. There are about 2300 inmates of this Home.

About one mile from the Home is the historical Fortress Monroe. We drove all through the fort, but its guns were mute and told no tales. This whole peninsula is full of historical interest. A veteran at the Home showed us the place where the Monitor fought the Merrimac, revolutionized naval warfare and brought such hope and courage to the North in one of the darkest hours of the rebellion.

After leaving Fortress Monroe we went to Old Point Comfort. It has become a fashionable summer resort. The cool fresh breezes from the Chesapeake, and the excellent bathing make it one of the most attractive on the coast.

It is not uncommon in Brazil for those who go abroad, and who are unable for any reason to bid good-bye to all their friends, to publish a card in one of the papers, stating the facts and bid farewell through that card.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

KA-TON-KA, the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator and Tonic ever known, is prepared in Nature's Laboratory by Nature's Children—the Warm Spring Indians of the Pacific Slope, among whom its preparation has been a sacred legacy from generation to generation for unnumbered years. It is purely vegetable, and goes directly to the seat of nine-tenths of the ills of humanity—the blood—and its wonderful work of restoration begins with the first dose, health and strength surely following.

KA-TON-KA CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Kidney Diseases, Fever and Ague, and all similar ailments. Price \$1 per bottle, 6 for \$5. Ask your druggist for it, and if he does not keep it, accept no substitute, but send direct to the proprietors. The Oregon Indian Medicine Company, Corvallis, Pa.



Now we wish to say good-bye in this way to all the many kind friends in Greene county. Please take this in lieu of a shake of the hand and a hearty 'God be wi' you.' Yours, JOHN M. KYLE.

Rev. Tufts has been granted a four weeks vacation.

The jury in the Elliot murder case at Columbus returned a verdict yesterday morning of murder in the first degree.

Mrs. McCandlas, widow of John McCandlas, deceased, died at her home near Goe's Station Wednesday evening. The funeral was preached at the house yesterday morning at 10 o'clock after which the body was brought to Cedarville and buried in the cemetery north of town.

- Chipped beef at McCorkle's.
- Salmon and Sardines at McCorkle's.
- Cream Cheese at McCorkle's.
- Sweet and sour Pickles at McCorkle's.
- Potted Tongue and Ham at McCorkle's.
- Corn Beef at McCorkle's.
- Heinz chow chow, Celery sauce, Ginkins, Cauliflower, at McCorkle's.
- Watermelons at McCorkle's.
- Bananas and Lemons at Bull's.
- Jelly Glasses at Bull's.
- Glass Fruit Jars at Bull's.
- Market price for butter and eggs at Bull's.
- Rock Salt at Bull's.

Fruit Cans.
We are selling our own make of fruit cans at fifty cents per dozen.
Crouse and Bull.

THE BRIDE WAS HUNGRY.
The Bride in a Chinese Wedding Deprived of Her Breakfast.

A Chinese wedding party in Canton recently lost one of the most important items in the wedding ceremony—the bride, says the North China Herald. The little lady had been carried to her bridegroom's home, hidden in the customary embroidered red satin chair decorated with flowers, and put down at the door to await the auspicious moment for crossing the threshold. Her escort had come a long way and were weary, so they retired into a neighboring opium den and went to sleep.

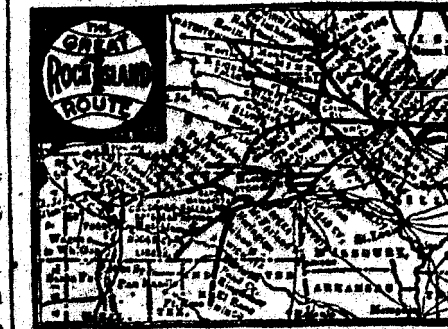
They awoke late in the evening, rushed to the door, and, concluding the bride had left, carried the 'empty chair' back to its loft. Soon after the bridegroom and his family, dressed in their very best, lighted the candles and their incense sticks, laid out rice and the orthodox viands, and opened the door. No sign of either chair or bride.

They immediately decided that she had been carried off by brigands, and alarmed the whole district, the search going on fruitlessly. At last the distracted bridegroom woke up the chair-bearers and they, struck by a sudden idea, ran off to the loft. They opened the chair, and there sat the poor little bride, stiff, frightened and hungry. She had felt that she was being carried off, but dared not cry out, as no well-bred bride ought to open her lips till after the marriage ceremony. Hence all the trouble.

Not to Be Bluffed.
A merchant in Syracuse offered a young woman twenty yards of silk for a dress if she would saw half a cord of wood in front of his store. She borrowed a saw, split on her hands, and went through that woodpile in just three hours, and the admiring crowd bought her a twelve-dollar hat to go with the dress.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.

The Direct Route to and from Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, Peoria, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS; Davenport, Muscatine, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, Des Moines, Winterset, Audubon, Harlan and Council Bluffs, in IOWA; Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA; Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA; Cameron, St. Joseph and Kansas City, in MISSOURI; Omaha, Lincoln, Fairbury and Nelton, in NEBRASKA; Atchison, Leavenworth, Horton, Topeka, Hutchinson, Wichita, Belleville, Abilene, Dodge City, Caldwell, in KANSAS; Kingfisher, El Reno and Minco, in INDIAN TERRITORY; Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new areas of rich farming and grazing lands, affording the best medium of intercommunication to all towns and cities east and west, northwest and southwest of Chicago and to Pacific and trans-oceanic seaports.

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Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, between CHICAGO AND DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OMAHA, and between CHICAGO AND DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS AND PUEBLO, via KANSAS CITY AND TOPEKA, and via ST. JOSEPH, first-class Day Coaches, FREE RECLINING CHAIR CABS, and Palace Sleepers, with Dining Car Service. Close connections at Denver and Colorado Springs with diverging railway lines, now, making the new and picturesque

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Over which superbly-equipped trains run daily THROUGHOUT CHICAGO TO AND FROM SALT LAKE CITY, OGDEN and SAN FRANCISCO. THE ROCK ISLAND is also the Direct and Favorite Line to and from Manitou, Pike's Peak and all other military and scenic resort and cities and visiting places in Colorado.

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The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by B. G. Ridgway's.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than any other medicine combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at Ridgway's Drug Store." (2)

Change of Schedule of Passenger Trains on the Pennsylvania Lines.

A change in the schedule of passenger trains on the Pennsylvania Lines went into effect Sunday, July 19. Under the new schedule the time of trains at Cedarville is as follows:
Depart for the West at 10:17 a. m. 5:39 p. m.
Depart for the East at 7:37 a. m. 6:53 p. m.

The corrected official time card will be given in the next issue of this paper. W. R. TORRENCE, Agent.

You will find the LEHIGH Anthracite coal only at Mitchell's Paint—nails—hard coal—soft coal—Picket and wire fence—Sash and doors—Shingles—Lumber—at Mitchell's

VOL. 12

THE H

AN INDEPENDENT

SATURDAY, A

W. H. BLAIR,

PRICE \$1.25

Wilson Walker removed to Cedarville.

Hon. Andrew Stormont attended Thursday.

Mrs. Frank spent a few days guest of friends.

Mr. Johnson Columbus, is the guest at this place.

The A. M. E. will hold a camp commencing August 1st.

Mr. Rood White, formerly friends here this week.

Mrs. Nettie is visiting Hon. on Chicago.

John McLean with wife and children will attend camp at Yellow Springs.

Miss Stella is visiting friends at Yellow Springs.

The Green offering large attractions this week.

Mr. John number of home north evening.

Marriage May H. Yo and Susan Brown and

Mrs. B. visiting her past week, what improvement.

Miss K brother, who will visit that city.

John S. lar army home one charged for his being

Rev. will preach M. E. church of Yellow Springs.

Rev. with Rev. before leaving Allegheny accepted

The at Xenia and 14 held in Xenia

David Ky. South with his ford, on lower blind person